SUPERMAN NATIONAL COMICS DC
NO. 22 JULY-AUG.
10c

BIG TOWN

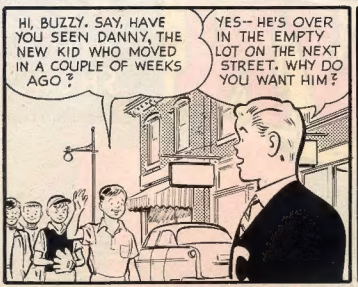
NEW STORIES OF TV'S HIT SHOW!

LOOKING FOR ME, STEVE WILSON?

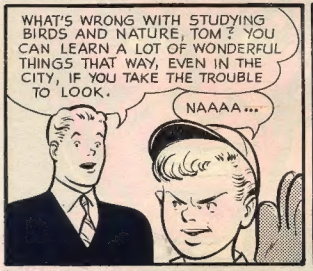
EXTRA ILLUSTRATED ESS

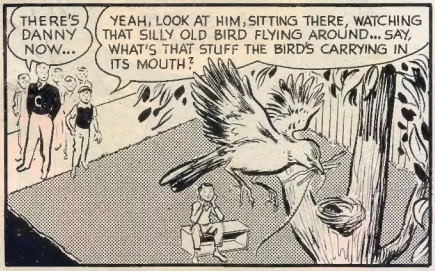
STEVE WILSON UNMASKS CRIMINAL MASTERMIND!

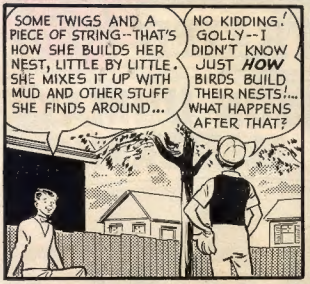
BUZZY says: "Get a Box-Seat to NATURE'S WONDERS!"


HI, BUZZY. SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN DANNY, THE NEW KID WHO MOVED IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO?
YES-- HE'S OVER IN THE EMPTY LOT ON THE NEXT STREET. WHY DO YOU WANT HIM?

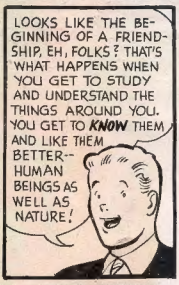
WE'RE GONNA ASK HIM TO JOIN OUR CLUB-- WE JUST VOTED ON HIM.
YEAH-- AND I THINK IT'S A MISTAKE. I STILL DON'T LIKE HIM, ALWAYS FOOLING AROUND WITH BIRDS AND NATURE AND STUFF LIKE THAT.
GROCERIES


WHAT'S WRONG WITH STUDYING BIRDS AND NATURE, TOM? YOU CAN LEARN A LOT OF WONDERFUL THINGS THAT WAY, EVEN IN THE CITY, IF YOU TAKE THE TROUBLE TO LOOK.
NAAAA...


THERE'S DANNY NOW...
YEAH, LOOK AT HIM, SITTING THERE, WATCHING THAT SILLY OLD BIRD FLYING AROUND... SAY, WHAT'S THAT STUFF THE BIRD'S CARRYING IN ITS MOUTH?


SOME TWIGS AND A PIECE OF STRING--THAT'S HOW SHE BUILDS HER NEST, LITTLE BY LITTLE. SHE MIXES IT UP WITH MUD AND OTHER STUFF SHE FINDS AROUND...
NO KIDDING! GOLLY--I DIDN'T KNOW JUST HOW BIRDS BUILD THEIR NESTS!... WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT?

WELL, AFTER SHE'S FINISHED HER NEST, AND THE EGGS ARE LAID AND HATCHED, WE CAN SEE, IF WE COME AROUND, HOW THE MOTHER AND FATHER GET FOOD AND FEED THE LITTLE BIRDS.
SAY, THAT'S GONNA BE FUN-- LIKE A BOX SEAT TO A BASEBALL GAME! D'YA MIND IF I WATCH, TOO?


LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A FRIENDSHIP, EH, FOLKS? THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET TO STUDY AND UNDERSTAND THE THINGS AROUND YOU. YOU GET TO KNOW THEM AND LIKE THEM BETTER-- HUMAN BEINGS AS WELL AS NATURE!

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BIG TOWN
WHY IS IT EVERY TIME A CRIME OCCURS IN BIG TOWN--TED SEATON IS ON THE SPOT TO FILM IT WITH HIS CAMERA?
CLICK!
BANG!
WHAM!
IT WAS YOUNG TED SEATON'S AMBITION TO BE A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! DAY AFTER DAY HE ROAMED THE STREETS OF BIG TOWN--SEARCHING IN VAIN FOR NEWS EVENTS TO PHOTOGRAPH! SUDDENLY HIS LUCK CHANGED IN THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY FASHION--EVERYWHERE HE WENT CRIMES HAPPENED! WAS IT LUCK--COINCIDENCE--OR FRAME-UP? ACE REPORTER STEVE WILSON HAD TO RISK HIS LIFE IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO UNRAVEL THE STRANGE SECRET OF...
The AMAZING CRIME CAMERA!

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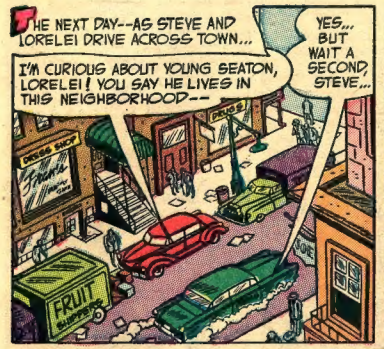
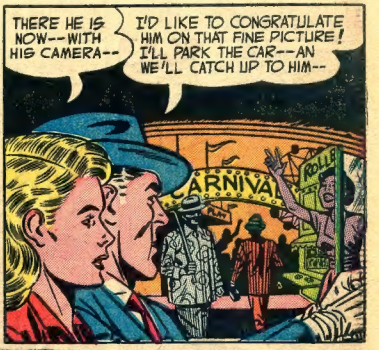
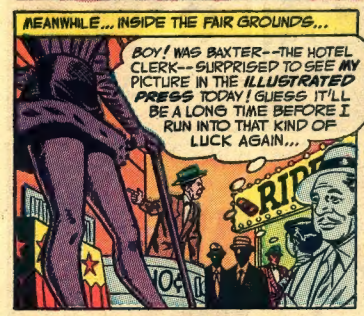
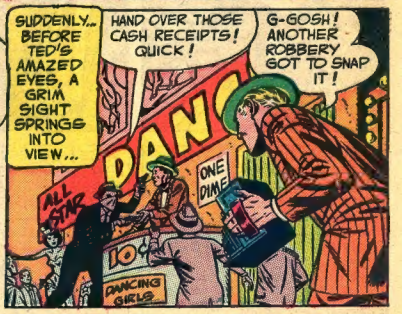
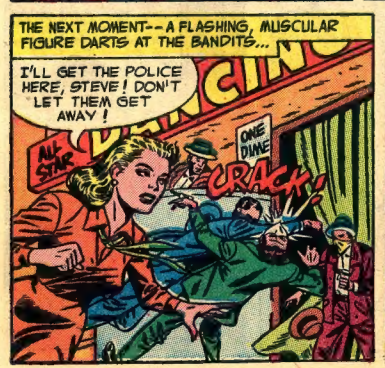
AS YOUNG TED SEATON LEAVES HIS HOTEL ONE MORNING--ARMED AS ALWAYS WITH HIS CAMERA...
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE DEMON PHOTOGRAPHER! WHERE YOU HEADED TODAY, SEATON?
THE SHOPPING DISTRICT... GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, BAXTER--BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GET A BREAK!
AND WHEN THAT DAY COMES, I'LL BE RIGHT ON THE SPOT WITH MY CAMERA--PHOTOGRAPHING THE ACTION! THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS WILL BE SURE TO HIRE ME! YOU WAIT AND SEE!
LATER--AFTER HOURS OF TRAMPING THE HARD PAVEMENTS IN BIG TOWN'S BUSY SHOPPING CENTER...
GUESS THIS ISN'T MY LUCKY DAY EITHER... HUH? MASKED MEN--RUNNING OUT OF THAT RESTAURANT!
CINEMA
RESTAURANT
STEAKS-CHOPS
STUNNED BY HIS GOOD FORTUNE, TED TRIPS AND FALLS HEADLONG...
BUT I GOT MY PICTURE!
INTO THE CAR! HURRY IT UP!
NOT LONG AFTER... IN STEVE WILSON'S OFFICE IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
THIS PICTURE OF THAT RESTAURANT STICK-UP IS TERRIFIC, LORELEI! WHO BROUGHT IT IN?
A YOUNG FELLOW NAMED TED SEATON, STEVE! NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!
THOSE MASKED THIEVES COULD BE THE MYSTERIOUS NEW GANG OF HOLD-UP MEN THAT THE POLICE HAVE BEEN HUNTING! I'LL RUN THE SHOT ON THE FRONT PAGE!


THE NEXT DAY--AS STEVE AND LORELEI DRIVE ACROSS TOWN...
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT YOUNG SEATON, LORELEI! YOU SAY HE LIVES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD---
YES... BUT WAIT A SECOND, STEVE...
CROSS SHOT
FRUIT

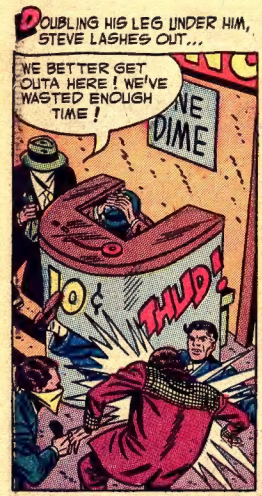

THERE HE IS NOW--WITH HIS CAMERA--
I'D LIKE TO CONGRATULATE HIM ON THAT FINE PICTURE! I'LL PARK THE CAR--AN WE'LL CATCH UP TO HIM--


MEANWHILE... INSIDE THE FAIR GROUNDS...
BOY! WAS BAXTER--THE HOTEL CLERK--SURPRISED TO SEE MY PICTURE IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS TODAY! GUESS IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I RUN INTO THAT KIND OF LUCK AGAIN...

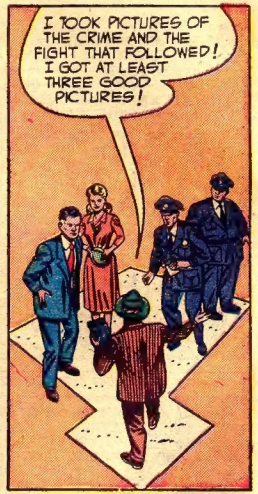

SUDDENLY... BEFORE TED'S AMAZED EYES, A GRIM SIGHT SPRINGS INTO VIEW...
HAND OVER THOSE CASH RECEIPTS! QUICK!
G-GOSH! ANOTHER ROBBERY GOT TO SNAP IT!
ONE DIME
ALL STAR
DANCING GIRLS


THE NEXT MOMENT--A FLASHING, MUSCULAR FIGURE DARTS AT THE BANDITS...
I'LL GET THE POLICE HERE, STEVE! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
ONE DIME
ALL STAR
CRACK!

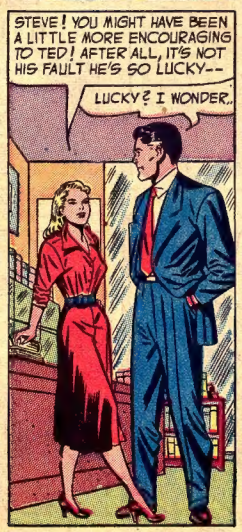
BUT A WILD BLOW STAGGERS THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN...
IT'S STEVE WILSON!
LET'S FIX THIS WISE GUY SO HE WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!
CRACK!


DOUBLING HIS LEG UNDER HIM, STEVE LASHES OUT...
WE BETTER GET OUTA HERE! WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME!
DIME
THUD!

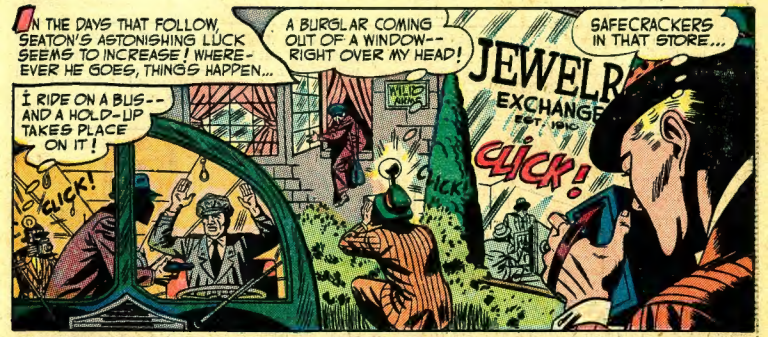
MOMENTS LATER... WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...
NO, I CAN'T DESCRIBE THE THIEVES VERY WELL, OFFICER! THEY WORE MASKS--AND IT WAS OVER TOO FAST!
I CAN SHOW YOU WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE, OFFICER!

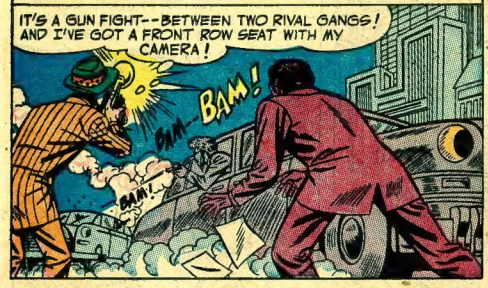

I TOOK PICTURES OF THE CRIME AND THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWED! I GOT AT LEAST THREE GOOD PICTURES!

THUS--FOR THE SECOND CONSECUTIVE DAY A TIMELY NEWS PHOTO BY SEATON APPEARS ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
BOY! I'VE SURE BEEN LUCKY, MR. WILSON! AND THANKS FOR THE CHECK!
OKAY--ER--SEE YOU AGAIN SOME TIME!


STEVE! YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LITTLE MORE ENCOURAGING TO TED! AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT HIS FAULT HE'S SO LUCKY--
LUCKY? I WONDER.

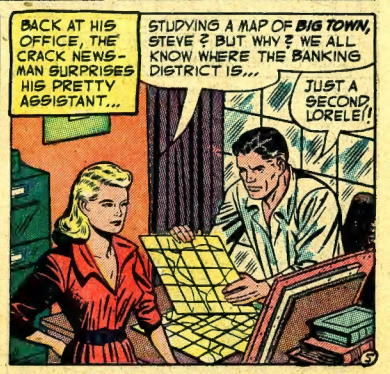
WHY--WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
CALL IT A HUNCH, LORELEI!...BUT I HAVE THE ODDEST FEELING THAT LUCK HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SEATON'S SUDDEN SUCCESS!

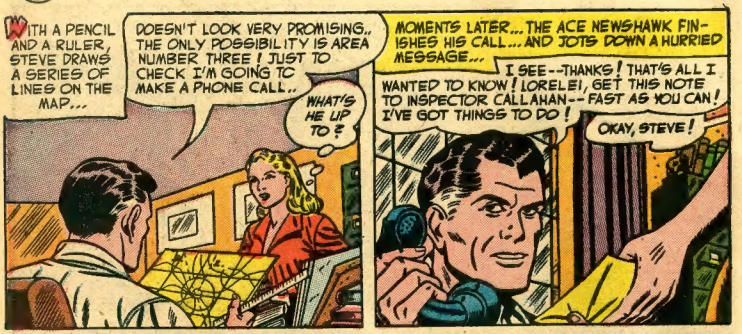

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, SEATON'S ASTONISHING LUCK SEEMS TO INCREASE! WHEREVER HE GOES, THINGS HAPPEN...
A BURGLAR COMING OUT OF A WINDOW--RIGHT OVER MY HEAD!
SAFECRACKERS IN THAT STORE...
I RIDE ON A BUS--AND A HOLD-UP TAKES PLACE ON IT!
CLICK!
CLICK!
JEWELR
EXCHANGE
EST. 1910
CLICK!

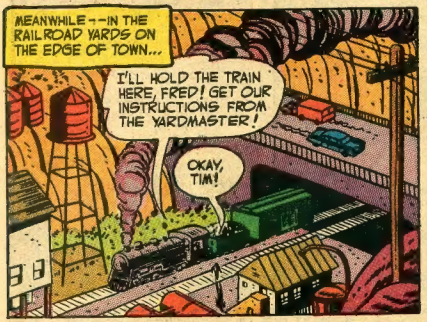

THEN--ON A CERTAIN NIGHT--THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER'S GOOD FORTUNE REACHES FABULOUS HEIGHTS...
IT'S A GUN FIGHT--BETWEEN TWO RIVAL GANGS! AND I'VE GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT WITH MY CAMERA!
BAM-BAM!
BAM!

THE NEXT MORNING--IN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S OFFICE...
STEVE, INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BEST BET TO TRAP THE CROOKS WHO ARE TERRORIZING BIG TOWN--IS TO FOLLOW TED SEATON! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE MADE PLANS TO DO!

SEATON HAS TOLD US WHERE HE'S HEADING THIS MORNING--THE BANKING DISTRICT! I'M GOING TO HAVE EVERY AVAILABLE MAN ON THE FORCE IN HIDING NEAR HIM...
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA, INSPECTOR! I'LL BE AT MY OFFICE IN CASE ANYTHING BREAKS!


BACK AT HIS OFFICE, THE CRACK NEWSMAN SURPRISES HIS PRETTY ASSISTANT...
STUDYING A MAP OF BIG TOWN, STEVE? BUT WHY? WE ALL KNOW WHERE THE BANKING DISTRICT IS...
JUST A SECOND, LORELE!


WITH A PENCIL AND A RULER, STEVE DRAWS A SERIES OF LINES ON THE MAP...
DOESN'T LOOK VERY PROMISING.. THE ONLY POSSIBILITY IS AREA NUMBER THREE ! JUST TO CHECK I'M GOING TO MAKE A PHONE CALL..
WHAT'S HE UP TO ?
MOMENTS LATER... THE ACE NEWSHAWK FINISHES HIS CALL... AND JOTS DOWN A HURRIED MESSAGE...
I SEE--THANKS ! THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW ! LORELEI, GET THIS NOTE TO INSPECTOR CALLAHAN--FAST AS YOU CAN ! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO !
OKAY, STEVE !

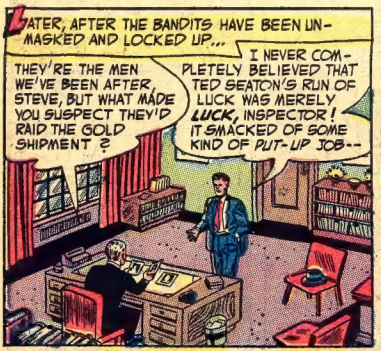

MEANWHILE--IN THE RAILROAD YARDS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...
I'LL HOLD THE TRAIN HERE, FRED ! GET OUR INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE YARDMASTER !
OKAY, TIM !

THE GOLD SHIPMENT ? YOU CAN TAKE TRACK THREE OUT OF HERE ! HERE'S YOUR YARD ORDERS... AND BETTER GET MOVING !
RIGHT ! WE HEARD ABOUT THE CRIME WAVE IN THESE PARTS..

THEN, AS THE SHIPMENT GUARD ROUNDS A CORNER OF THE YARDHOUSE...
KEEP QUIET--HAND OVER THE KEYS TO THE GOLD CAR--AN' MAYBE YOU'LL LIVE THROUGH THIS !
MASKED GUNMEN !

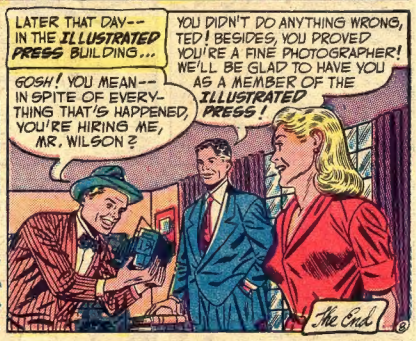
INSTEAD OF OBEYING, THE BRAVE GUARD TRIES TO DRAW HIS PISTOL...
HERE'S HIS KEYS, STUBS ! WE'LL OPEN THE CAR OURSELVES !
THE SAP ! WOULDN'T TAKE GOOD ADVICE !
WHAM

SOON AFTER--AS A CAR HALTS ON THE OVERPASS ABOVE THE TRACKS...
THE MASKED BANDITS! I WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE STEALING THE GOLD BARS!
A MOMENT LATER, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS-MAN DROPS ON THE UNSUSPECTING THIEVES LIKE AN AERIAL BOMBSHELL...
WHAM!
S-STEVE WILSON!
WILSON, YOU'VE CROSSED OUR PATH JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN!
NOT MUCH CHANCE TO STOP HIM--BUT--
AS THE VALIANT NEWSMAN SPRINGS TOWARD THE GUNMAN--A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM ABOVE...
KRAK!
SOUNDS LIKE REINFORCEMENTS HAVE ARRIVED--NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!
INSPECTOR CALLAHAN, SOMETIMES YOU LOOK POSITIVELY BEAUTIFUL TO ME!


LATER, AFTER THE BANDITS HAVE BEEN UNMASKED AND LOCKED UP...
THEY'RE THE MEN WE'VE BEEN AFTER, STEVE, BUT WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT THEY'D RAID THE GOLD SHIPMENT ?
I NEVER COMPLETELY BELIEVED THAT TED SEATON'S RUN OF LUCK WAS MERELY LUCK, INSPECTOR! IT SMACKED OF SOME KIND OF PUT-UP JOB--

THE CLERK IN SEATON'S HOTEL WAS IN WITH THE CROOKS! EACH DAY HE'D LEARN WHERE SEATON WAS HEADING--AND HE'D TIP OFF THE GANG! THEN THEY'D PULL SOME SMALL JOB JUST SO SEATON COULD SNAP THEM IN THE ACT! IT BUILT UP THE IDEA THAT WHEREVER SEATON WENT, A CRIME TOOK PLACE!

THEY FIGURED TO LURE THE POLICE COMPLETELY OUT OF THE WAY--USING SEATON AS A DECOY!
AND WHEN YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT THE GOLD SHIPMENT FROM THE RAILROAD, YOU SUSPECTED THEIR PLOT! GREAT HEAD--WORK, STEVE!


LATER THAT DAY--IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
GOSH! YOU MEAN--IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, YOU'RE HIRING ME, MR. WILSON ?
YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG, TED! BESIDES, YOU PROVED YOU'RE A FINE PHOTOGRAPHER! WE'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU AS A MEMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS!
The End

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BEARCAT SETS BASEPATH ON FIRE

...A JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

WE'LL NEVER WIN THE BIG GAME WITH BASE RUNNING LIKE THAT!

GOSH, JIM! BOB SHOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE A MILE!

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

I JUST DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MY FULL SPEED

WHAT YOU NEED ARE "P-F's" THEY'LL HELP!

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ®

THE BIG GAME!

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
TIGERS	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0
BEARCATS	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	1	1

NOW FOR THE OLD SQUEEZE PLAY. HOPE BOB CAN SCORE THE WINNING RUN

THE BEARCATS WIN!

BOB SURE GOT AWAY FAST! HE'S SAFE!

THOSE "P-F's" HELPED HIM GO FULL SPEED!

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN

...INCREASE ENDURANCE

...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER

P-F

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company

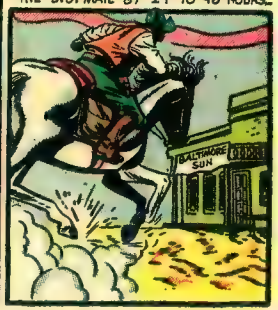
FAMOUS NEWSPAPER FIRSTS

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER DELIVERY TRAIN WAS OPERATED BY THE INTERNATIONAL GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, BETWEEN GALVESTON AND HOUSTON, TEXAS, IN 1883 TO DELIVER THE GALVESTON **NEWS**. THE PAPER PAID $500 FOR THE EXCLUSIVE LEASE OF THE TRAIN...

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED DAILY NEWSPAPER, THE NEW YORK **GRAPHIC**, MADE ITS INITIAL APPEARANCE ON MARCH 4, 1873...

THE **GRAPHIC** COSTS FIVE CENTS A COPY--BUT IT'S WORTH THE HIGH PRICE TO SEE THE PICTURES...

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER TO EMPLOY THE SERVICES OF THE FAMOUS PONY EXPRESS WAS THE BALTIMORE **SUN** OF 1847. THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS USED 60 FAST HORSES TO CARRY NEWS IN SIX DAYS FROM NEW ORLEANS TO BALTIMORE, BEATING THE U.S. MAIL BY 24 TO 48 HOURS.



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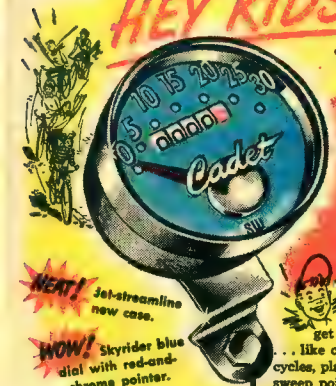
HEY KIDS!

soup up your bike with a jet-lined NEW

STEWART-WARNER "CADET" Bike Speedometer



NEAT! Jet-streamline new case.

WOW! Skyrider blue dial with red-and-chrome pointer.

SWELL! Shows your speed up to 30 m.p.h.

GREAT! Counts up to 10,000 miles.

Not a toy, not a gadget . . . it's the real thing . . . like on racing cars, motorcycles, planes! Red-and-chrome sweep pointer shows how *fast* you go, up to 30 m.p.h. Automatic counter tells how *far* you go, up to 10,000 miles.

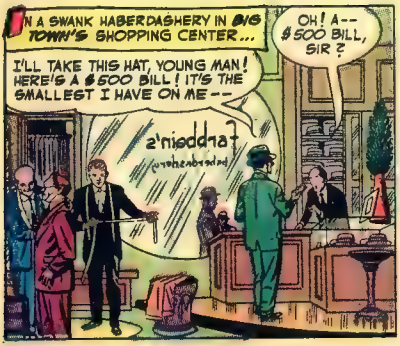
The "Cadet" is shockproof and weatherproof, has shatter-proof lens. Easily installed on almost any bike. So, be the *first* to get a Stewart-Warner "Cadet" Bike Speedometer! At your neighborhood bike shop, hardware or department store.

STEWART-WARNER BIKE SPEEDOMETERS

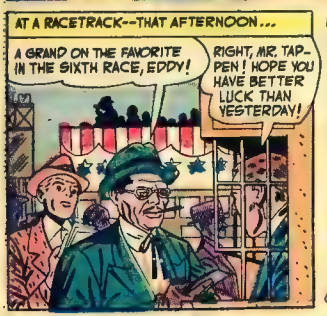
"It's Fun to Know How Fast, How Far You Go"

STEWART-WARNER; 1840 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois

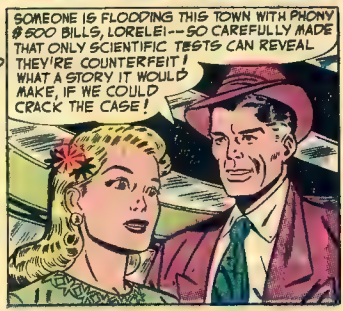
BIG TOWN
THE INCREDIBLE COUNTERFEIT RING WORKED WITH ALL THE SILENT EFFICIENCY OF A MOTOR IMMERSED IN OIL --UNTIL STEVE WILSON, INTREPID NEWS-HAWK FOR BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, THREW A MONKEY-WRENCH INTO THE CRIMINAL MACHINERY BY GETTING A CLUE TO THE MAJOR RIDDLE THAT BAFFLED THE POLICE--THE SECRET OF THE GANG'S CHIEF - TAIN WHO UP TO THEN WAS KNOWN ONLY AS...
THE MYSTERIOUS "MR. MASTERMIND"!
HA HA! IS IT OUR FAULT IF STEVE WILSON IS CAUGHT IN THE PATH OF OUR TRUCK! HA HA!


IN A SWANK HABERDASHERY IN BIG TOWN'S SHOPPING CENTER...
OH! A--$500 BILL, SIR?
I'LL TAKE THIS HAT, YOUNG MAN! HERE'S A $500 BILL! IT'S THE SMALLEST I HAVE ON ME--

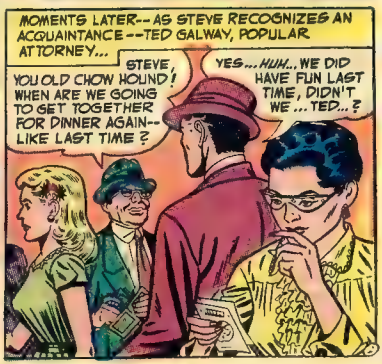
TO BE SAFE, THE SALESMAN CONFERS WITH THE STORE MANAGER...
OF COURSE YOU CAN CASH IT FOR HIM, WATKINS! THAT'S JAY K. ELWELL, THE RICH SOCIALITE--ONE OF OUR BEST CUSTOMERS!
STINCTIVE FABRICS
SINCE 1870

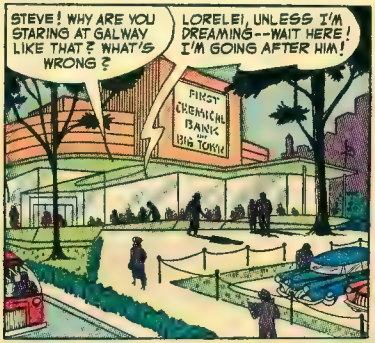

AT A RACETRACK--THAT AFTERNOON...
A GRAND ON THE FAVORITE IN THE SIXTH RACE, EDDY!
RIGHT, MR. TAPPEN! HOPE YOU HAVE BETTER LUCK THAN YESTERDAY!

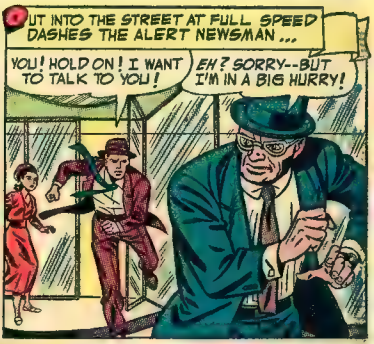
NOT LONG AFTER--AS STEVE WILSON AND LORELEI ENTER A BANK TO MAKE A ROUTINE DEPOSIT...


SOMEONE IS FLOODING THIS TOWN WITH PHONY $500 BILLS, LORELEI--SO CAREFULLY MADE THAT ONLY SCIENTIFIC TESTS CAN REVEAL THEY'RE COUNTERFEIT! WHAT A STORY IT WOULD MAKE, IF WE COULD CRACK THE CASE!

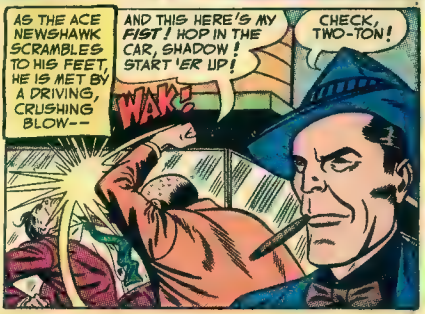
THE POLICE SUSPECT A NEW CRIMINAL MASTERMIND AT WORK--BUT THEY HAVE NO CLUES AT ALL--
CHANGE THIS $500 BILL? CERTAINLY, MR. GALWAY! HAPPY TO OBLIGE YOU!


MOMENTS LATER--AS STEVE RECOGNIZES AN ACQUAINTANCE--TED GALWAY, POPULAR ATTORNEY...
STEVE, YOU OLD CHOW HOUND! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET TOGETHER FOR DINNER AGAIN--LIKE LAST TIME?
YES... HUH... WE DID HAVE FUN LAST TIME, DIDN'T WE... TED...?

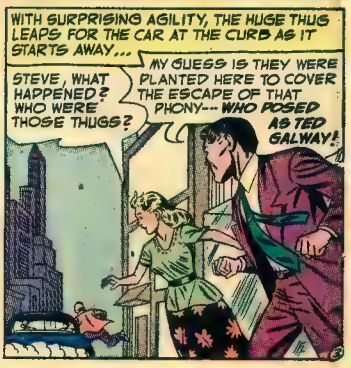

STEVE! WHY ARE YOU STARING AT GALWAY LIKE THAT? WHAT'S WRONG?
LORELEI, UNLESS I'M DREAMING--WAIT HERE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
FIRST CHEMICAL BANK OF BIG TOWN


UT INTO THE STREET AT FULL SPEED DASHES THE ALERT NEWSMAN...
YOU! HOLD ON! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
EH? SORRY--BUT I'M IN A BIG HURRY!

THE NEXT MOMENT--AS STEVE SPURTS FORWARD...
UHMMM! TRIPPING OVER SOMEBODY'S FOOT!
MY FOOT, PAL--


AS THE ACE NEWSHAWK SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, HE IS MET BY A DRIVING, CRUSHING BLOW--
AND THIS HERE'S MY FIST! HOP IN THE CAR, SHADOW! START 'ER UP!
CHECK, TWO-TON!
WAK!

REBOUNDING FROM THE GROUND, STEVE SWINGS BACK AT HIS ATTACKER...
NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU "TWO-TON"! I CAN'T EVEN BUDGE YOU!
HA HA!
BAM!


WITH SURPRISING AGILITY, THE HUGE THUG LEAPS FOR THE CAR AT THE CURB AS IT STARTS AWAY...
STEVE, WHAT HAPPENED? WHO WERE THOSE THUGS?
MY GUESS IS THEY WERE PLANTED HERE TO COVER THE ESCAPE OF THAT PHONY--WHO POSED AS TED GALWAY!

IN A SPECIAL ROOM IN THE BANK--SOON AFTER--*ULTRA-VIOLET* INSPECTION REVEALS A FRAUD...

THIS $500 BILL IS NOTHING BUT A CLEVER IMITATION, MR. WILSON!

UH-HUH! AND SO WAS THE MAN WHO PASSED IT--A CLEVER IMITATION OF TED GALWAY!

BUT WHAT MADE YOU SUDDENLY SUSPECT HIM, STEVE? HIS DISGUISE WAS PERFECT!

IT WAS--UNTIL I REMEMBERED THAT THE REAL TED GALWAY ALWAYS CARRIES HIS MONEY IN A ROLL IN HIS POCKET--AND *NEVER USES A WALLET!*

LATER--AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS AS AN ARTIST WORKS ON A SKETCH FROM STEVE'S DESCRIPTION...

THERE MUST BE A WHOLE SLEW OF "*PUSHERS*"--AIDES TO THE MASTERMIND WHO "*PASS THE QUEER*"--IN COUNTERFEITERS' LINGO, STEVE! AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE EXPERT AT IMITATING *PEOPLE*...

SO FAR WE'VE ONLY GOT ARTIST'S SKETCHES OF THEM--BASED ON DESCRIPTIONS LIKE YOURS GIVEN US BY THE SWINDLED MERCHANTS!

CAN I SEE THOSE SKETCHES, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN?

LAYING THE DRAWINGS OUT BEFORE HIM, STEVE, WITH HIS SHARP NEWSPAPERMAN'S EYE--AT ONCE NOTICES SOMETHING...

INSPECTOR, WOULD YOU MIND HANDING ME AN ERASER? I'D LIKE TO TRY A LITTLE EXPERIMENT!

MOMENTS LATER... AFTER STEVE HAS WORKED ON THE SKETCHES--WITH A REMARKABLE RESULT...

I ERASED THE BEARD FROM THIS ONE--THE GLASSES FROM THIS OTHER--AND SO ON! NOW LOOK AT THEM, INSPECTOR--

THEY'RE ALL THE *SAME MAN!*

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLL

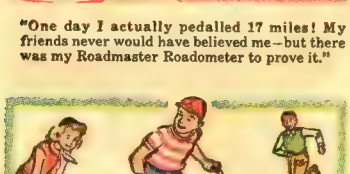
It's fun to know how far you go...

and you can with the ROADMASTER ROADOMETER* that counts the miles!

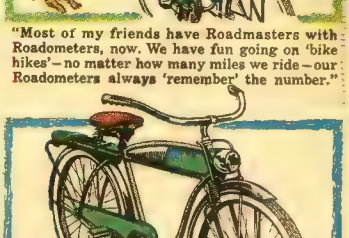
*Roadometer automatically measures and records the miles you ride. Records every 1/10th mile up to 10,000 miles!

"One day I actually pedalled 17 miles! My friends never would have believed me—but there was my Roadmaster Roadometer to prove it."

"Most of my friends have Roadmasters with Roadometers, now. We have fun going on 'bike hikes'—no matter how many miles we ride—our Roadometers always 'remember' the number."



"I'm glad I've got a Roadmaster Luxury Liner ...with a Roadometer. I never realized how much fun it can be to always know how far you've gone —whether in an hour, a day or *even* a month."



Yes, now the Roadmaster® Luxury Liner has a Roadometer—measures miles just like official instruments used on cars and motorcycles.

ROADMASTER'S Luxury Liner is America's *only fully-equipped* bike...

- **Exclusive Roadmaster Roadometer** —measures the miles!
- **Shockmaster coil-spring fork** —smoother ride.
- **Searchbeam headlight** —better visibility.
- **Electronically welded frame** —100% stronger.
- **Safety bumper bars (front and rear)**—more protection.
- **Electric horn** —right in the tank.

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Subsidiary of
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Please send me *free* Roadmaster folder, "LET'S GO ON A BIKE HIKE", containing helpful hints on map-reading, exciting bike hike ideas, equipment to take along and bike hike games.

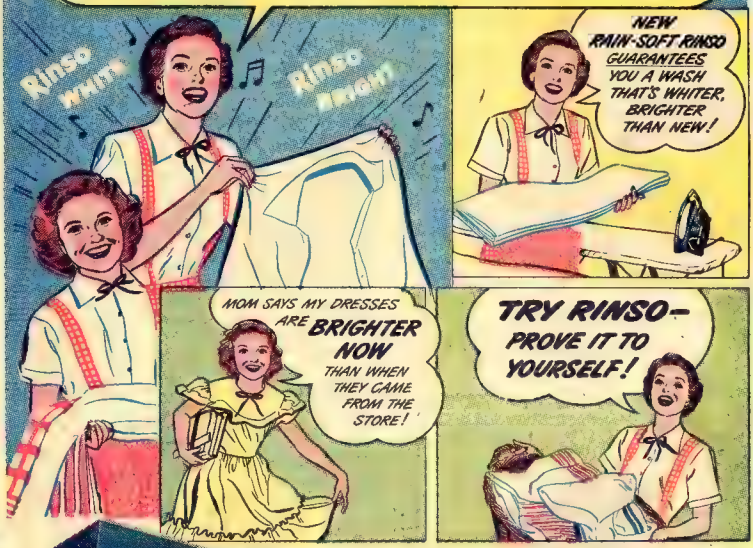
NAME_____

NAME OF YOUR BICYCLE DEALER_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

WANT A WASH THAT'S REALLY CLEAN, WHITER AND BRIGHTER THAN NEW?

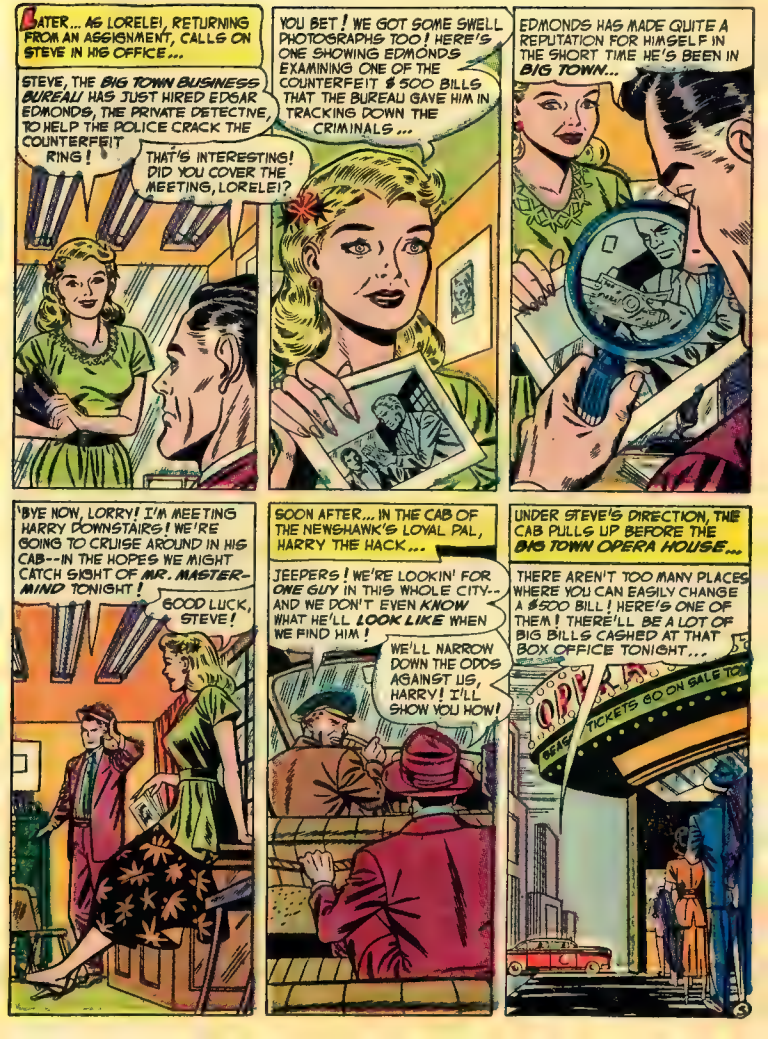

Rinso WHITE
Rinso BRIGHT
NEW RAIN-SOFT RINSO GUARANTEES YOU A WASH THAT'S WHITER, BRIGHTER THAN NEW!
MOM SAYS MY DRESSES ARE BRIGHTER NOW THAN WHEN THEY CAME FROM THE STORE!
TRY RINSO— PROVE IT TO YOURSELF!

COMPARE!

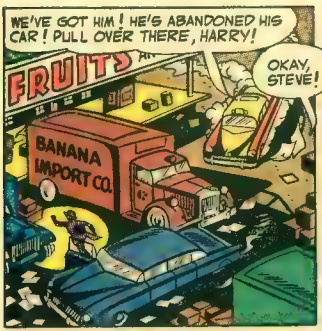
Simply wash a dress (or any other article) with Rinso. Then compare it with a brand new one, just as it comes from the store. You'll see for yourself—Rain-Soft Rinso actually washes whiter, brighter than new. Get Rinso today!

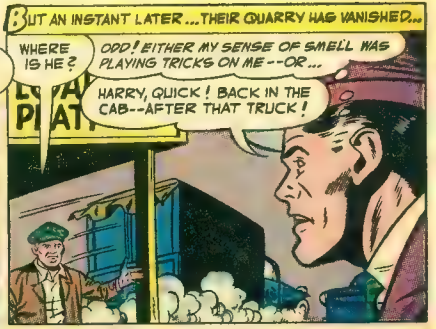
GUARANTEE: New Rain-Soft Rinso is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to get your clothes WHITER, BRIGHTER than new or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

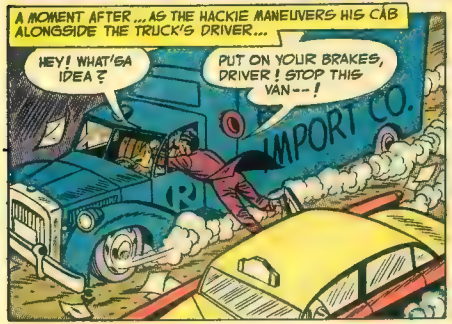
ONLY RINSO CONTAINS SOLIUM . . . PUTS SUNSHINE IN YOUR WASH!

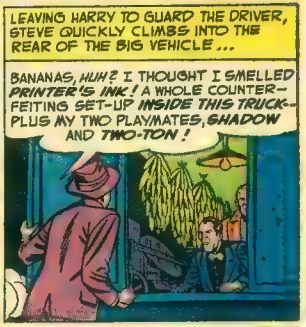

LATER... AS LORELEI, RETURNING FROM AN ASSIGNMENT, CALLS ON STEVE IN HIS OFFICE...
STEVE, THE BIG TOWN BUSINESS BUREAU HAS JUST HIRED EDGAR EDMONDS, THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE, TO HELP THE POLICE CRACK THE COUNTERFEIT RING!
THAT'S INTERESTING! DID YOU COVER THE MEETING, LORELEI?
YOU BET! WE GOT SOME SWELL PHOTOGRAPHS TOO! HERE'S ONE SHOWING EDMONDS EXAMINING ONE OF THE COUNTERFEIT $500 BILLS THAT THE BUREAU GAVE HIM IN TRACKING DOWN THE CRIMINALS...
EDMONDS HAS MADE QUITE A REPUTATION FOR HIMSELF IN THE SHORT TIME HE'S BEEN IN BIG TOWN...
'BYE NOW, LORRY! I'M MEETING HARRY DOWNSTAIRS! WE'RE GOING TO CRUISE AROUND IN HIS CAB--IN THE HOPES WE MIGHT CATCH SIGHT OF MR. MASTER-MIND TONIGHT!
GOOD LUCK, STEVE!
SOON AFTER... IN THE CAB OF THE NEWSHAWK'S LOYAL PAL, HARRY THE HACK...
JEEPERS! WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR ONE GUY IN THIS WHOLE CITY--AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE'LL LOOK LIKE WHEN WE FIND HIM!
WE'LL NARROW DOWN THE ODDS AGAINST US, HARRY! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW!
UNDER STEVE'S DIRECTION, THE CAB PULLS UP BEFORE THE BIG TOWN OPERA HOUSE...
THERE AREN'T TOO MANY PLACES WHERE YOU CAN EASILY CHANGE A $500 BILL! HERE'S ONE OF THEM! THERE'LL BE A LOT OF BIG BILLS CASHED AT THAT BOX OFFICE TONIGHT...
OPERA
TICKETS GO ON SALE TOD
5

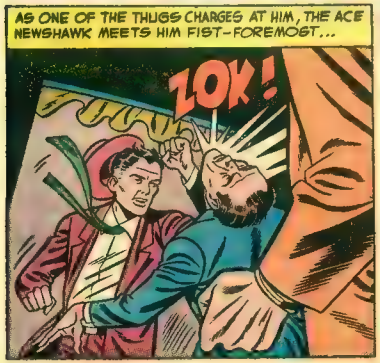
AT THAT MOMENT... AT THE BOX OFFICE...
TWO TICKETS, SIR? CERTAINLY... THAT'S ... OUT OF THIS ... 500 BILL...
HARRY, I THINK WE MAY HAVE STRUCK PAY DIRT! COME ON--!
ME--A COUNTERFEITER? RIDICULOUS, SIR! I CAN SHOW YOU MY IDENTIFICATION...
OKAY! LET'S SEE IT, MISTER...
TICKETS OUT FOR TONIGHT
THE NEXT INSTANT... THE ACCOSTED MAN SWINGS HIS ARM BACKWARD...
MR. MASTERMIND, GRAB HIM, HARRY!
THIS IS IT! HA HA! DOES THAT TELL YOU WHO I AM?
CRACK!
HEARST TICKETS
BUT THE WILY COUNTERFEITER ELUDES THE CABBIE... AND DARTS INTO A CAR AT THE CURB...
HE'S GETTIN' AWAY, STEVE--IN THAT CAR!
INTO YOUR CAB, HARRY! WE'RE GOING AFTER HIM!
AS HARRY WITH PRACTISED EASE SENDS HIS HACK ROARING OFF IN PURSUIT...
I'LL CATCH THAT GUY! NOBODY CAN DRIVE FASTER THROUGH THIS TOWN THAN ME!
HE'S TURNING--HEADING DOWN-TOWN!
IN THE WAREHOUSE AND MARKET DISTRICT--MOMENTS AFTER...
FRUIT AND VEGETABLE LOADING
STEVE, THIS WINDING IN AND OUT OF THESE BIG TRUCKS IS MAKING ME DIZZY!
WE'RE GAINING!

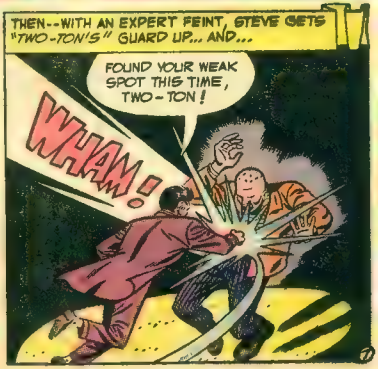

WE'VE GOT HIM! HE'S ABANDONED HIS CAR! PULL OVER THERE, HARRY!
OKAY, STEVE!
FRUITS
BANANA IMPORT CO.

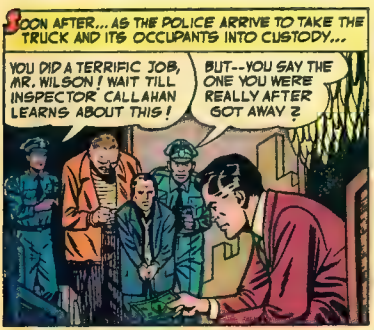

BUT AN INSTANT LATER...THEIR QUARRY HAS VANISHED...
WHERE IS HE?
ODD! EITHER MY SENSE OF SMELL WAS PLAYING TRICKS ON ME--OR...
HARRY, QUICK! BACK IN THE CAB--AFTER THAT TRUCK!


A MOMENT AFTER... AS THE HACKIE MANEUVERS HIS CAB ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK'S DRIVER...
HEY! WHAT'SA IDEA?
PUT ON YOUR BRAKES, DRIVER! STOP THIS VAN--!
IMPORT CO.


LEAVING HARRY TO GUARD THE DRIVER, STEVE QUICKLY CLIMBS INTO THE REAR OF THE BIG VEHICLE...
BANANAS, HUH? I THOUGHT I SMELLED PRINTER'S INK! A WHOLE COUNTERFEITING SET-UP INSIDE THIS TRUCK--PLUS MY TWO PLAYMATES, SHADOW AND TWO-TON!

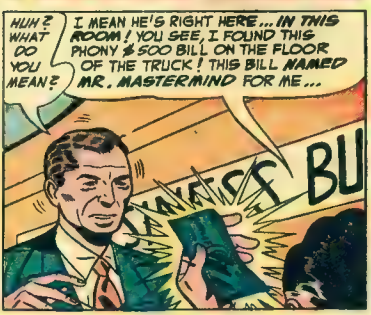

AS ONE OF THE THUGS CHARGES AT HIM, THE ACE NEWSHAWK MEETS HIM FIST-FOREMOST...
ZOK!

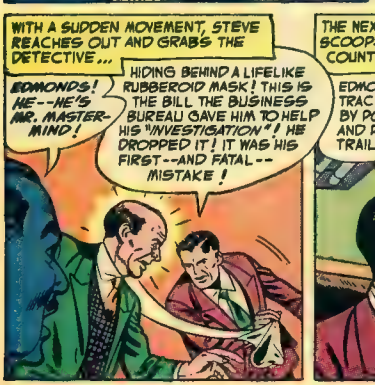

THEN--WITH AN EXPERT FEINT, STEVE GETS "TWO-TON'S" GUARD UP... AND...
FOUND YOUR WEAK SPOT THIS TIME, TWO-TON!
WHAM!

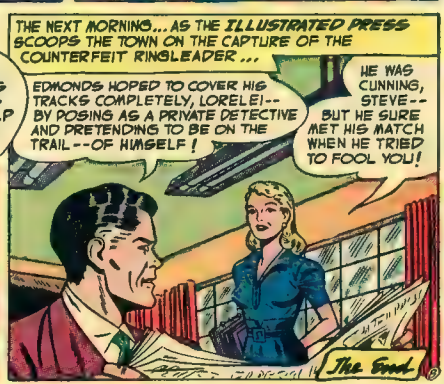

SOON AFTER... AS THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE THE TRUCK AND ITS OCCUPANTS INTO CUSTODY...
YOU DID A TERRIFIC JOB, MR. WILSON! WAIT TILL INSPECTOR CALLAHAN LEARNS ABOUT THIS!
BUT--YOU SAY THE ONE YOU WERE REALLY AFTER GOT AWAY?

YES, OFFICER--HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED OFF DURING THE FIGHT! BUT--ER--I'M PRETTY SURE NOW THAT HE WON'T GET VERY FAR... PRETTY SURE!

THAT NIGHT... AT A MEETING OF THE BIG TOWN BUSINESS BUREAU, PRIVATE DETECTIVE EDGAR EDMONDS ADDRESSES THE GROUP...
OF COURSE YOU DESERVE THANKS, MR. WILSON! BUT IF YOU HAD BEEN A REAL DETECTIVE LIKE ME, YOU'D NOT ALLOWED MR. MASTERMIND TO ESCAPE!
OH, BUT HE HASN'T ESCAPED, MR. EDMONDS.
BIG TOWN BUS SS BUREA


HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN HE'S RIGHT HERE... IN THIS ROOM! YOU SEE, I FOUND THIS PHONY $500 BILL ON THE FLOOR OF THE TRUCK! THIS BILL NAMED MR. MASTERMIND FOR ME...
BU


WITH A SUDDEN MOVEMENT, STEVE REACHES OUT AND GRABS THE DETECTIVE...
EDMONDS! HE--HE'S MR. MASTERMIND!
HIDING BEHIND A LIFELIKE RUBBEROID MASK! THIS IS THE BILL THE BUSINESS BUREAU GAVE HIM TO HELP HIS "INVESTIGATION"! HE DROPPED IT! IT WAS HIS FIRST--AND FATAL--MISTAKE!


THE NEXT MORNING... AS THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS SCOOPS THE TOWN ON THE CAPTURE OF THE COUNTERFEIT RINGLEADER...
EDMONDS HOPED TO COVER HIS TRACKS COMPLETELY, LORELEI--BY POSING AS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AND PRETENDING TO BE ON THE TRAIL--OF HIMSELF!
HE WAS CUNNING, STEVE--BUT HE SURE MET HIS MATCH WHEN HE TRIED TO FOOL YOU!
The End

MAJOR MARS
AMERICA'S #1 SPACE SOLDIER
VICTORY BY REFLECTION
THE VENUSIANS HAVE BROKEN INTO OUR RESEARCH HEADQUARTERS!
ALERT ALL GUARD SQUADRONS! I'LL MEET THEM AT THE SCENE!
WE HAVE THEM CORNERED, SIR... BUT THEIR SLEEP-RAY GUNS ARE TOO EFFECTIVE!
WE CAN'T LET THOSE VENUSIANS LEAVE THIS PLANET! I HAVE AN IDEA!
MAJOR MARS CALLING... RUSH AT LEAST 20 LARGE MIRRORS TO RESEARCH HEADQUARTERS!
THEY'RE STARTING TO RUSH US!
THE MIRRORS HAVE ARRIVED-GIVE ONE TO EVERY MAN!
GO AHEAD, SHOOT! THE REFLECTION FROM YOUR OWN GUNS WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP!
WOW! I'M GOING TO KISS EVERY MIRROR I SEE FROM NOW ON!
JUST BE SURE IT ISN'T REFLECTING THE BLAST FROM A SLEEP-RAY GUN!
BOYS AND GIRLS, DON'T FORGET TO SEND FOR ONE OF THESE THRILLING GIFTS TODAY!

THESE THRILLING GIFTS ARE YOURS!

#40 OLD TIME CAR KITS

Build model plastic autos. No cutting, carving or sanding. Just assemble, cement and decorate. Select one: 1900-Packard; 1903-Cadillac; 1903 Model A Ford; 1909-Stanley Steamer; 1910-Model T Ford.

150 BAGS OR 35c & 15 BAGS

#33 INITIAL RING

Beautiful gold plated signet ring with one of your initials engraved on black enamel. Adjustable to fit all sizes. STATE INITIAL DESIRED.

100 BAGS OR 20c & 10 BAGS

#37 ALL-PURPOSE KEY CHAIN FLASHLIGHT

For pocket or purse-handy for emergency use. Complete with battery and bulb

115 BAGS OR 25c & 10 BAGS

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"POPSICLE," Box 678, New York 46, N. Y.

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I am enclosing $_____and_____bags.

NAME_____

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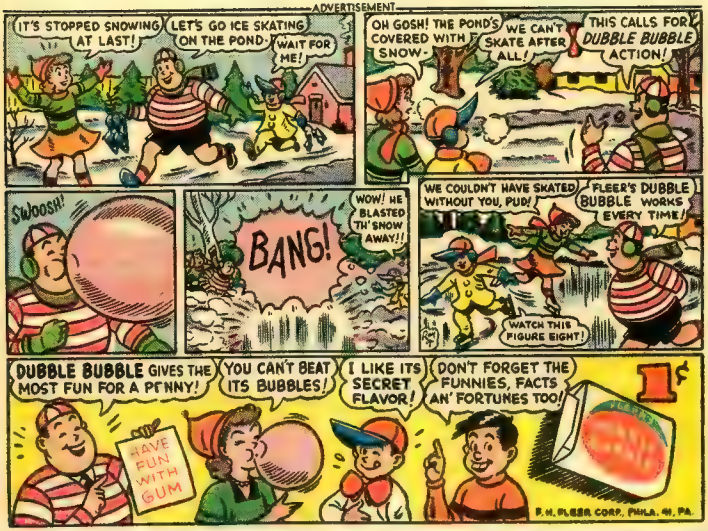
IT'S STOPPED SNOWING AT LAST!
LET'S GO ICE SKATING ON THE POND.
WAIT FOR ME!
OH GOSH! THE POND'S COVERED WITH SNOW-
WE CAN'T SKATE AFTER ALL!
THIS CALLS FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE ACTION!
SWOOSH!
BANG!
WOW! HE BLASTED TH' SNOW AWAY!!
WE COULDN'T HAVE SKATED WITHOUT YOU, PUD!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE WORKS EVERY TIME!
WATCH THIS FIGURE EIGHT!
DUBBLE BUBBLE GIVES THE MOST FUN FOR A PENNY!
HAVE FUN WITH GUM
YOU CAN'T BEAT ITS BUBBLES!
I LIKE ITS SECRET FLAVOR!
DON'T FORGET THE FUNNIES, FACTS AN' FORTUNES TOO!
1¢
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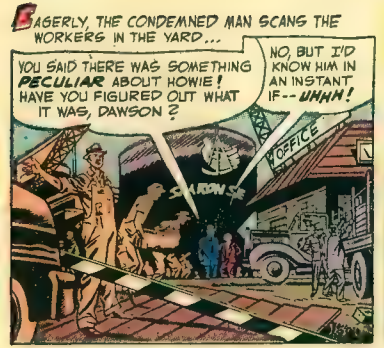
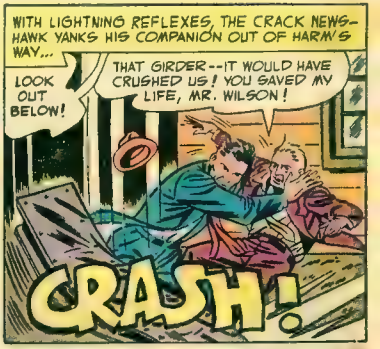
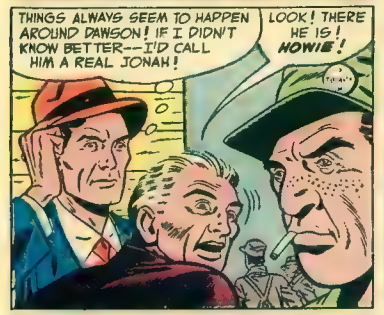
BE SURE TO GET THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURES OF *Dean* MARTIN *and Jerry* LEWIS TODAY!

BIG TOWN
GENTLEMEN, ONLY OUR COURT OF FINAL APPEAL CAN HELP ED DAWSON NOW!
I AGREE WITH STEVE WILSON! FROM THE FACTS HE HAS GIVEN US IT IS CLEAR THAT ED DAWSON MAY GO TO JAIL FOR A CRIME HE HAS NEVER COMMITTED -- UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
2053
CHAIRMAN
DOCTOR
NEWSPAP
IT WAS THE COURT OF FINAL APPEAL -- AN UNOFFICIAL GROUP OF JUSTICE-SEEKING CITIZENS, WHICH TOOK UP THE STRANGE CASE OF EDWARD DAWSON, CONVICTED PAYROLL ROBBER! BUT IT WAS STEVE WILSON'S COOL DARING AND DISREGARD FOR DANGER THAT FINALLY SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF...
The IMPOSSIBLE ALIBI!

CONVICTED FOR TAKING PART IN A SHIPYARD PAYROLL ROBBERY, ED DAWSON AWAITS SENTENCE...
WHY DOESN'T HOWIE SHOW UP? HE COULD CLEAR ME! THERE'S STILL TIME...
WHY HAVEN'T THE POLICE BEEN ABLE TO FIND HIM? I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND...
LET'S GO, DAWSON! JUDGE MOORE WANTS TO SEE YOU! YOU'RE GETTING OUT!
G-GETTING OUT?
IN THE JUDGE'S CHAMBER, SOON AFTER...
EDWARD DAWSON, AT THE REQUEST OF THE COURT OF FINAL APPEAL, I AM PAROLING YOU FOR ONE WEEK--IN THE CUSTODY OF STEVE WILSON--TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR ALIBI!
STEVE, UNLESS YOU TWO CAN FIND THIS MYSTERIOUS HOWIE, I SHALL BE FORCED TO SENTENCE DAWSON TO FIFTEEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT!
WE'RE GOING TO TRY, YOUR HONOR!
THEN--AS THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS NEWSMAN AND HIS "CHARGE" LEAVE...
WE'LL VISIT EVERY SHIPYARD ON BIG TOWN RIVER! THAT HOWIE PAL OF YOURS MAY HAVE SWITCHED JOBS...
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT--HE WASN'T MY PAL, MR. WILSON!
I NEVER EVEN SAW HIM BEFORE THE DAY OF THE ROBBERY...
SOUNDS LIKE A RESTLESS GUY--WHO CHANGES JOBS OFTEN! HERE'S OUR FIRST STOP, DAWSON!
GATE ONE
PASS GATE SHOW YOUR PASS
PROPERTY
BIG TOWN SHIPYARD AND MARINE BASIN


EAGERLY, THE CONDEMNED MAN SCANS THE WORKERS IN THE YARD...
YOU SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT HOWIE! HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT WHAT IT WAS, DAWSON?
NO, BUT I'D KNOW HIM IN AN INSTANT IF--UHHH!
OFFICE
SHADOW

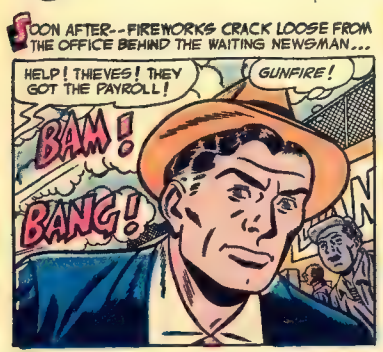

WITH LIGHTNING REFLEXES, THE CRACK NEWSHAWK YANKS HIS COMPANION OUT OF HARM'S WAY...
LOOK OUT BELOW!
THAT GIRDER--IT WOULD HAVE CRUSHED US! YOU SAVED MY LIFE, MR. WILSON!
CRASH!

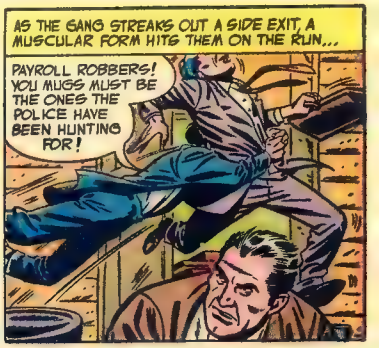

THINGS ALWAYS SEEM TO HAPPEN AROUND DAWSON! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER--I'D CALL HIM A REAL JONAH!
LOOK! THERE HE IS! HOWIE!

HUH? MY NAME AIN'T HOWIE, MISTER!
I-I'M SORRY! THE FRECKLES FOOLED ME! I JUST REMEMBERED THAT HOWIE HAD FRECKLES!

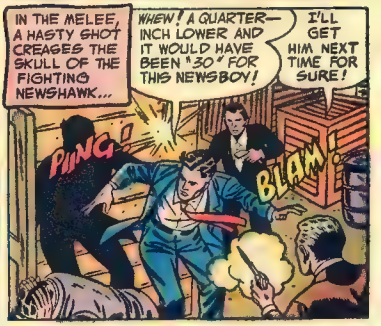
FRECKLES--AND SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT HIM... STRANGE! WHAT WOULD BE PECULIAR ABOUT A GUY WITH FRECKLES?
I HAVE AN IDEA, MR. WILSON!

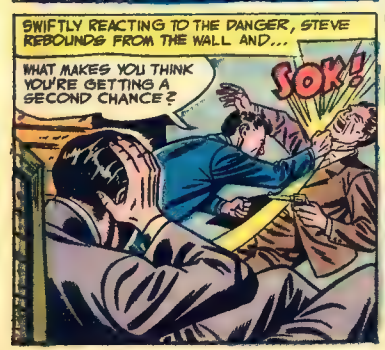
LET ME GO IN AND TALK TO THE EMPLOYMENT CLERK--MAYBE HOWIE IS ON A LATER SHIFT!
GO AHEAD! I'LL WAIT HERE AND KEEP AN EYE PEELED...
OFFICE
OFFICE

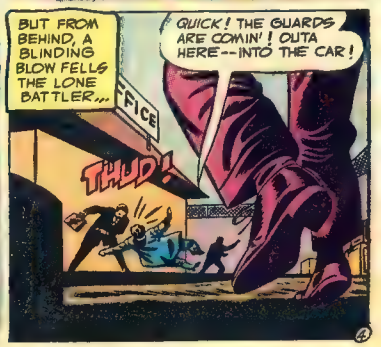

SOON AFTER--FIREWORKS CRACK LOOSE FROM THE OFFICE BEHIND THE WAITING NEWSMAN...
HELP! THIEVES! THEY GOT THE PAYROLL!
GUNFIRE!
BAM!
BANG!


AS THE GANG STREAKS OUT A SIDE EXIT, A MUSCULAR FORM HITS THEM ON THE RUN...
PAYROLL ROBBERS! YOU MUGS MUST BE THE ONES THE POLICE HAVE BEEN HUNTING FOR!

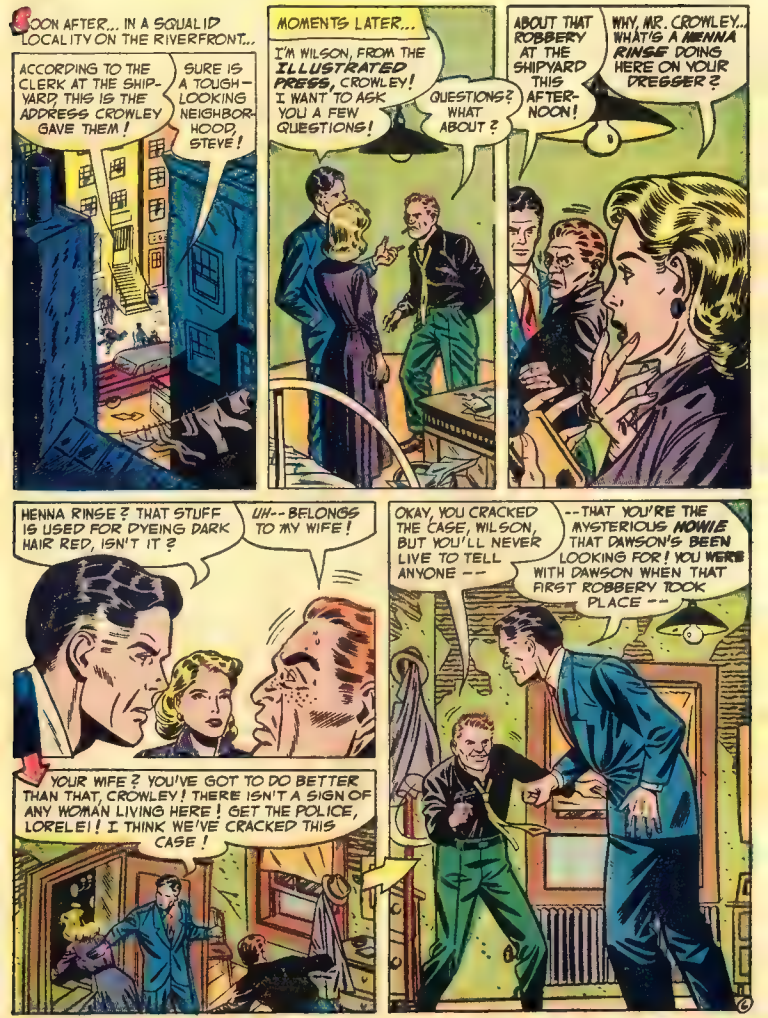
POOR DAWSON GOT BLAMED FOR YOUR LAST JOB-- BUT THIS TIME THE REAL CULPRITS WILL WIND UP BEHIND BARS!


IN THE MELEE, A HASTY SHOT CREAGES THE SKULL OF THE FIGHTING NEWSHAWK...
WHEW! A QUARTER— INCH LOWER AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN "30" FOR THIS NEWSBOY!
I'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME FOR SURE!
PING!
BLAM!

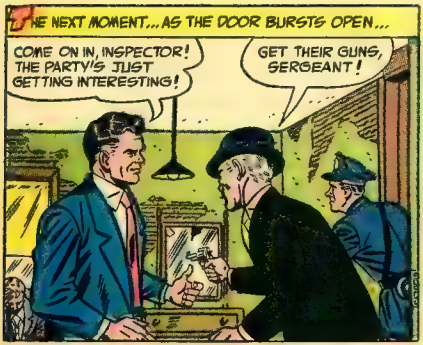

SWIFTLY REACTING TO THE DANGER, STEVE REBOUNDS FROM THE WALL AND...
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING A SECOND CHANCE?
SOK!

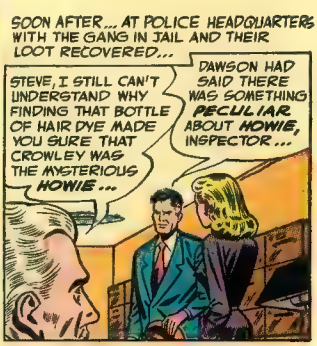

BUT FROM BEHIND, A BLINDING BLOW FELLS THE LONE BATTLER...
QUICK! THE GUARDS ARE COMIN'! OUTA HERE--INTO THE CAR!
FICE
THUD!

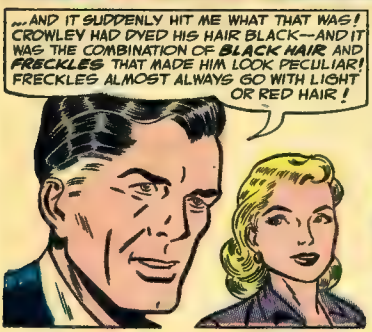
WHEN STEVE REVIVES...
THEY GOT AWAY, MR. WILSON! ALL EXCEPT THIS ONE! HE WAS THEIR FRONT MAN--UNLOCKED THE DOOR FOR THEM TO GET INTO THE OFFICE!
DAWSON!
IT'S NOT TRUE, MR. WILSON! SURE I WALKED INTO THE OFFICE--THE DOOR WASN'T LOCKED!
THAT DOOR IS ALWAYS LOCKED ON PAYROLL AFTERNOONS! HE MUSTA USED A SKELETON KEY!
AS THE BEWILDERED DAWSON IS TAKEN AWAY BY THE POLICE, LORELEI--STEVE'S GIRL FRIDAY--PICKS UP HER BOSS...
DAWSON IS INNOCENT! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES!
HOP IN, STEVE.
SOMEONE ELSE MUST'VE UNLOCKED THAT DOOR FOR THE CROOKS--BEFORE DAWSON GOT THERE... BUT WHO?
WAIT! THERE IS ONE POSSIBILITY! DAWSON THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THAT HE RECOGNIZED THE MYSTERIOUS HOWIE --
--A CERTAIN SHIPYARD WORKER NAMED F.J. CROWLEY! IT MAY BE A SHOT IN THE DARK, BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT MR. "FRECKLES" CROWLEY! WE'RE NOT GOING BACK TO THE OFFICE JUST YET, LORRY--HEAD FOR THE WATERFRONT AREA!

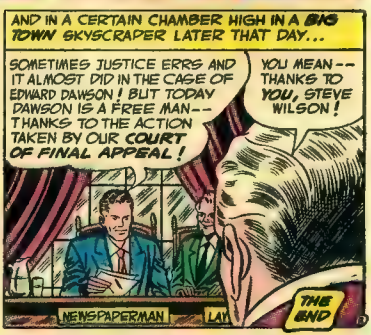

SOON AFTER... IN A SQUALID LOCALITY ON THE RIVERFRONT...
ACCORDING TO THE CLERK AT THE SHIPYARD, THIS IS THE ADDRESS CROWLEY GAVE THEM!
SURE IS A TOUGH-LOOKING NEIGHBORHOOD, STEVE!
MOMENTS LATER...
I'M WILSON, FROM THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, CROWLEY! I WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!
QUESTIONS? WHAT ABOUT?
ABOUT THAT ROBBERY AT THE SHIPYARD THIS AFTERNOON!
WHY, MR. CROWLEY... WHAT'S A HENNA RINSE DOING HERE ON YOUR DREDGER?
HENNA RINSE? THAT STUFF IS USED FOR DYEING DARK HAIR RED, ISN'T IT?
UH--BELONGS TO MY WIFE!
YOUR WIFE? YOU'VE GOT TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, CROWLEY! THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF ANY WOMAN LIVING HERE! GET THE POLICE, LORELE! I THINK WE'VE CRACKED THIS CASE!
OKAY, YOU CRACKED THE CASE, WILSON, BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYONE --
--THAT YOU'RE THE MYSTERIOUS MOWIE THAT DAWSON'S BEEN LOOKING FOR! YOU WERE WITH DAWSON WHEN THAT FIRST ROBBERY TOOK PLACE --

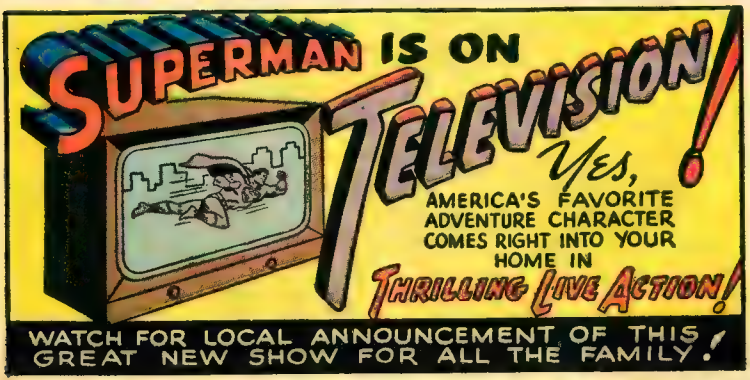
WITH AS A BIG CAT, THE ACE NEWSHAWK SPRINGS BEFORE THE OTHER CAN FIRE HIS GUN...
DAWSON COULDN'T EXPLAIN HOW THE KEYS TO THE PAYROLL OFFICE GOT INTO HIS POCKET! IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW--YOU PUT THEM THERE!
MY GUN--!
FUNNY, THE WAY THINGS PANNED OUT! DAWSON THOUGHT YOU'D BE HIS ALIBI -- WHEN ALL THE TIME YOU WERE REALLY ONE OF THE CROOKS!
HA HA! NOT ONE OF 'EM WILSON!
I'M THE LEADER O' THE MOB! CUT HIM DOWN BOYS!
WE WON'T MUFF THIS ONE, BOSS--LIKE WE DID DAWSON AT THE SHIPYARD!
WITH A LIGHTNING TWIST, STEVE GETS CROWLEY BETWEEN HIM AND THE GUNMEN...
DON'T SHOOT! YOU'LL HIT ME!
ALL RIGHT--WE'LL RUSH WILSON!
BUT THE GANG'S INTENDED VICTIM DOESN'T WAIT FOR HIS FOES TO REACH HIM...
GOT TO FOLLOW UP--GET INTO CLOSE QUARTERS BEFORE THOSE HOODS CAN USE THEIR GUNS...
OOOOF!
CRASH!


THE NEXT MOMENT... AS THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...
COME ON IN, INSPECTOR! THE PARTY'S JUST GETTING INTERESTING!
GET THEIR GUNS, SERGEANT!


SOON AFTER... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS WITH THE GANG IN JAIL AND THEIR LOOT RECOVERED...
STEVE, I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY FINDING THAT BOTTLE OF HAIR DYE MADE YOU SURE THAT CROWLEY WAS THE MYSTERIOUS HOWIE...
DAWSON HAD SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT HOWIE, INSPECTOR...


...AND IT SUDDENLY HIT ME WHAT THAT WAS! CROWLEY HAD DYED HIS HAIR BLACK--AND IT WAS THE COMBINATION OF BLACK HAIR AND FRECKLES THAT MADE HIM LOOK PECULIAR! FRECKLES ALMOST ALWAYS GO WITH LIGHT OR RED HAIR!


AND IN A CERTAIN CHAMBER HIGH IN A BIG TOWN SKYSCRAPER LATER THAT DAY...
SOMETIMES JUSTICE ERRS AND IT ALMOST DID IN THE CASE OF EDWARD DAWSON! BUT TODAY DAWSON IS A FREE MAN--THANKS TO THE ACTION TAKEN BY OUR COURT OF FINAL APPEAL!
YOU MEAN--THANKS TO YOU, STEVE WILSON!
NEWSPAPERMAN
THE END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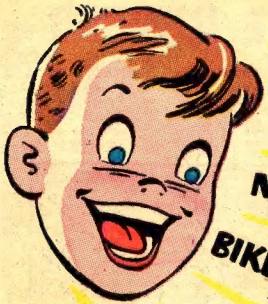

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